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## THE CHRONICLE.

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## OCTOBER.

BY MARY HARRIS.

O! October skies are weeping  
O'er the sacred and yellow grass;  
And October winds are sweeping  
Rustling dead leaves as they pass.

Silent in their mossy chambers,  
Summer's pale, sweet flowers sleep,  
While the winds, with solemn murmurs,  
O'er them mournful vigils keep!

In my heart's own silent chambers  
Are pale flowers of the past,  
And they smile to the murmur  
Of the mournful autumn blast!

## A WIFE

FOR A MAN IN MODERATE CIRCUMSTANCES.

"If you marry that girl, brother Tom, I'll have nothing to do with her—I won't visit her, nor call her sister, nor even speak to her!"

"What's the objection?" asked Tom in his cool dry way, fixing his large calm eyes upon the pretty face of his sister, as she sat uneasily swaying half way around and back again on the piano stool.

"Objection!" The young lady's cherry lip curled. "Who is she? What is she? A sweet tempered, right thoughted, true-hearted young woman, who will make me a good little wife. Are you not answered, sister of mine?"

"A sewing-girl," said Lizzie, contemptuously.

"What our mother was, as I have been told, before her marriage," answered Tom. "And if my eyes have not deceived me, she has been a sewing woman ever since my recollection of her."

"That's another thing," said the sister. "Mother was superior to her class, and has risen above it."

"Suppose I answer your objection to Harriet, and say she is superior to her class, and rises above it."

"What then?"

"My father made a good matrimonial venture, and I may do the same."

"But why, brother Tom," urged the sister, "don't you choose a wife from among those on your level?"

"What do you mean by those on my own level? Let us understand each other."

"From among those who move in our circles. From the educated, refined, and accomplished."

"Such as the Misses Walton, for instance."

"Yes; or the Misses Eden."

"Those father supports them in idleness, and expect the young men who marry them to do the same. Now Lizzie, the fact of the business is, I like Mary Eden very well, and once came so near falling in love with her that I was really frightened. I did not go near her for six months after I felt the tender passion."

"Dear Mary! Oh, Tom! Why not marry her? I could love her as my own sister."

"Can't afford it. Pretty, but I'm only a poor young man, and have only my talents and industry to help me forward in the world. Mary can't do anything for herself, and would expect me to put her in an establishment but little less costly than the one her father owns."

"Oh, but Tom, there'll be no necessity going to house-keeping at first. And then you know her father is well off in the world, and he'll give her a house and furnish it, no doubt when she is married."

"But Tom shook his head."

"Mary Eden's father may or may not be rich. My own private opinion is, that he is living on it, if not a little beyond his income. And as to the house and furniture which Mary's husband is going to get, that is something very fine to feed the fancy upon. The real bricks and mortar are another affair."

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## The Light at Home.

The light at home! how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams  
To love, and rest, and comfort all.  
When wearied with the toils of day,  
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will kiss our name.  
When through the dark and stormy night  
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,  
How cheering is the twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light of home, he feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there,  
And softly through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care.

The light at home! How still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door—  
The weary laborer to greet,  
When the rough toils of day are o'er!  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings that its beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart.

From the New York Mercury.

## MANIFEST DESTINY.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

"Ten thousand a year, ma'am—ten thousand a year," said old Tulle, of the firm of Tulle, D'Alencourt & Co., bringing his fist heavily down upon the table. "That's the rate we are living at, ma'am."

"Quite likely," answered his spouse, coolly. "Dinner parties and soirées are so expensive, and Blanche and I can never wear the same dress twice. It's really dreadful, but what is to be done?"

"But I tell you I can't afford it, ma'am. What do I care how the bills are contracted, if I can't raise the money to pay them?"

"Your real estate?"

"Is mortgaged to the last rood."

"Your credit?"

"Haven't any, ma'am—you give too many parties for that."

"If I do, I don't keep an asylum for poor relatives."

"No! I'll be sworn you don't; notwithstanding which, ma'am, if I choose to give my dear brother's child a home, I shall do it, ma'am; and we will try what a little retrenchment will do, ma'am. Sell off those ornate tables and India vases that I'm forever breaking my neck over, ma'am. Send off the coachman, ma'am, who is a finer gentleman than his master. Dismiss your lady's maid, ma'am, and give orders to shut the door in the face of a few of those French women, whom I'm always meeting on the back stairs—Perhaps that will achieve the purpose quite as well, ma'am, as turning poor little Violet out of doors."

"Shall you go to Saratoga with us?" asked Mrs. Tulle as piously as though she had not heard a word of the foregoing tirade. "I think we shall start on Monday. I intend to marry Blanche off, this season."

"Let her wear her dress higher in the neck, and dance the polka less, then," growled old Tulle.

"She shall take pattern by Miss Violet," sweetly replied Mrs. Tulle, as with a profound courtesy she sailed from the room.

Blanche Tulle was a tall girl, with a pink and white complexion, full, bold eyes, flaxen hair, turned back in a Eugene, and a fashionable air. What else remained of her was hoops, full skirts, and a French dress-maker. She could ride a fast horse, play a good game at billiards, tell real lies at sight, and stare down any one prettier or more modest than herself.

She was an accomplished dissembler, an audacious coquette, an unerring dancer, and a little—very little fast—in her manner. It is needless, therefore, to say, she was a watering-place belle—northwinding standing which gratifying fact, Mrs. Tulle was uneasy.

"Have you noticed Ophelia Organd?" she asked her daughter, as they were dressing for dinner, shortly after their arrival at Saratoga. "She is really quite parse. She was a most beautiful girl. She came out the season before you, and every one raved about her; but she didn't play her cards well. She danced and laughed with every one, and the marrying men were afraid. Once she was engaged to young Roe, the great lawyer, and old Mr. Organd went round cackling about it everywhere, but somehow the match was broken off, and young Roe married Delphina Dimitry, a plain, quiet girl, whom no one had ever thought about."

"Shall I wear my tulle, or that grenadine?" broke in Miss Blanche. "I intend to captivate that Mr. L'Amour, who is to be here to dinner. They say he is worth two or three millions, and I think he must need some one to help him spend it."

Mrs. Tulle looked at her daughter in a sort of comic despair.

"I wish my hands of you," she exclaimed. "Wear what you like, do as you please, but work my words, that little dandy Violet will some day stand in your shoes. Last night, George Roe, Clement's brother, hardly left her the whole evening, and young Bayard and Henri D'Alencourt were almost at sword's point about her."

The beautiful Blanche tossed her head and went down to dinner, but she looked in vain for Mr. L'Amour—his place at the table was vacant.

"Permit me to present my friend, Mr. Irwin, the artist," said Georgiana Luterstrang about two hours after, as Blanche sat in saucy dignity on the piazza. Blanche raised her eyes just enough to see a handsome man, with a distinguished manner, and slightly seedy coat, and acknowledging his salutations with a frigid bow, turned away to Georgiana. She had no idea of waiting her civilities on artists.

"We have lovely weather—"

She stared at him for a moment in angry amazement. Yes, there he stood in the most unobtrusive manner in the world, actually looking as though he expected an answer.

"I find it insufferable," she replied, haughtily. "Ah! that is unfortunate. I trust you are better suited with the company met here."

"Why that is even worse," she said facing him, to give more effect to her words. "The weather might be born, by a crowd of stupid persons, whom indiscreet friends will persist in introducing, why, then I say it grows unbearable; and I contemplate shutting myself up in my room, till I can make arrangements for a trip to the Rocky Mountains."

This time, Mr. Irwin laughed outright. "Do not let me delay your preparations, and—bon voyage!" And he moved off to where Georgiana Luterstrang was sitting.

"What on earth were they laughing about, and what—were they crazy?" For Georgiana was introducing him to Violet. Blanche could bear no more, but sailed away to her room in utter disgust.

Your cousin tells me that she finds the weather insufferable, and the company unbearable. I trust it is not the same with you."

"No," answered Violet, shaking back her sunny curls with a careless laugh. "I am not a belle, consequently I have no need to be anxious about an unbecoming flush, or vexed with rivals, or bored with lovers."

"As if that last were possible."

"You think not. For my part I imagine nothing more stupid than the bery of monstached, scent-dandied curled youth, who insist on entertaining unfortunate young women with dreary platitudes, and recompense them for their forbearance by making them the subjects of bar-room jests, or mandarin sentimentalities."

She spoke warmly; but before Mr. Irwin could answer, a clear voice exclaimed, close behind them:

"Is it possible? Why, here's Mr.—"

With the quickness of lightning Mr. Irwin turned and confronted the new comers. Georgiana Luterstrang, and a rosy, dark eyed belle, with endless curls and boucles, who looked singularly mischievous, when Georgiana said:

"Come, Mr. Irwin, I really cannot allow you to flirt with Miss Violet any longer."

And carried him off to another corner of the piazza, whence Violet heard sounds of low whisperings, intermingled with bursts of musical laughter; and though it was a most pleasing and cheerful spectacle thus to behold a gentleman ensconced in a sort of fairy bower of muslin and tulle, fenced in by white shoulders, guarded by bright eyes, and bewildered by sweet breaths, glancing teeth, and pouting lips, truth compels me to say that Miss Violet seemed by no means pleased. I should not wonder if in her secret heart she accused Miss Luterstrang of jealousy, or received Mr. Irwin on his next approach with a slight accession of dignity.

She had been sitting alone in a corner of the ball-room, thinking, somewhat listlessly to herself, as she watched the groups of animated dancers, that she alone was sitting still, when Mr. Irwin's voice, close to her ear, made her start violently.

"You are very quiet, Miss Violet—Do you not dance?"

"Yes; but I think I have already told you I was not a belle."

"What are the requisites of one, may I ask?"

"Impudence, wealth or beauty, I have neither."

"Miss Violet, it is a lovely evening. Will you walk on the piazza?"

She took his arm, and for a while they paced silently up and down.

"Wonderful, is it not," he said, at length pausing and looking upward, "that yonder moon has looked with the same unchanging face on myriads of gay trifles like ourselves—shone on this very spot when bushes in the awful silence of the primeval forest—the same moon that looks on the Nile and the Pyramids, Paris and the ruins of Palmyra—that has looked up into night thousands of eyes brimming over with happiness, or streaming with tears, and which says, everywhere and to each one—'Man thou art mortal, make not mountains of thy mole-hills of discontent, for, since Time will soon level them and thee alike in the dust.'"

All Violet's momentary pique had vanished. Delicately worded as had been Mr. Irwin's reproof, she felt it keenly; but, strange to say, she manifested no aversion to his society.

Did she rise at an unseasonably early hour for a walk, before she had gone half a mile she was sure to meet Mr. Irwin. Certainly, she had not told him at what hours she intended to ride, yet when she had ridden twice the length of the hotel, Mr. Irwin's handsome black horse was at her side, or did she bow, Mr. Irwin must instruct her in the proper method of making a ten strike.

Saratoga sneered, sympathized with, and scandalized the pair.

Mrs. Tulle was first indignant, then shocked, then outrageous. She wrote home touching appeals on the subject to old Tulle. As it was his niece, she had always felt some delicacy, etc., but, really, the manner in which she went on with a Mr. Irwin, an absolute stranger, whom no body knew, and—

She mourned over Violet's indiscretion in company with a select circle of dowagers.

"This having the charge of other people's children was dreadful. Violet's conduct has never been satisfactory, but this was really too bad."

In company her spleen vented itself in playful reprimands and gentle expostulations, that made every one smile and sneer but poor Violet, who acquired quite a habit of rushing out of the room to hide her burning cheeks and her swimming eyes. Blanche only tossed her blonde head and wished that she would marry him—she was always vulgar in her tastes; and for her part, she thought them admirably adapted for one another.

Bursts of merry laughter came floating through the open window from Mr. Seyton's handsome villa, where his rosy, dark-eyed daughter sat at the centre-table, a park of

cards spread before her to which she pointed, as she smiled mischievously at Georgiana Luterstrang and Violet, who stood in front of her.

"Hearts, the king and queen, Violet," she exclaimed. "Light heart, who can that be? Why, Mr. Irwin, of course. Violet, it's a manifest destiny."

"Who is asking my name in vain," said a manly voice, and the handsome face of the gentleman in question was smiling in at them through the open door.

Kate gave a little scream and fled. Georgiana followed her example, leaving Violet blushing and confused, yet not altogether displeased.

"I hope you will not run away too Miss Violet," said Mr. Irwin, softly, advancing and taking her hand. "Sit down and tell me what you were doing."

"Nothing," faintly answered Violet. "Nothing! It is very extraordinary that two fair ladies should fly the apartment, while the third, detained by force, tremble like a culprit at the bar of justice. Still silent? Then I must investigate all for myself. I see it all," said he as he caught sight of the cards. "Confess, Miss Violet, you were having your fortune told. The king and queen of hearts; a speedy marriage. Let me see; what was it Miss Seyton was saying as I entered. Mr. Irwin—manifest destiny." Far be it from me to oppose the decrees of fate," seating himself beside her. "Don't tremble so. Look up. Why, I am the one to tremble, since I have been practicing on you a gross deception," which he then and there explained to her, and which Mrs. Tulle learned at a later day, when going to Violet's wedding just to keep her in countenance—though, of course, she could not but disapprove of such an alliance. She was carried out in strong mysteries, on hearing the officiating clergyman pronounce these dreadful words: "Frederick L'Amour, with thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife," etc.

And in the desperate and neglected straits Mrs. and Miss Tulle recognized, to their horror, the long sought millionaire, whom Miss Blanche had so graciously resolved that it was her "manifest destiny" to marry.

He that aspires to the head of a party must see some appearance that does not exist, and be blind to some that do.

The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar, is decidedly a good one.

The examination commences with the following:

"Do you smoke?"

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, sir. (Extending a short six.)"

"Now, sir, what is the duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"Does your position towards your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"When they occupy the antagonistic position I assume the character of plaintiff and they defendant."

"A bill settled, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"

"Check by jawl."

"Enough air—you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"I am, sir. It is to invite you to command and drink."

"But suppose I decline? (Candidate scratches his head.)"

"There is no instance of the kind recorded on the books; can you answer that question?"

"You are right and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let us have a drink, and I will sign your certificate."

## OWNED BY A WIFE.

The New York Express thus comments on the experienced owned by a "dip-top fashionable wife":

Happy, indeed, are the husbands who are not owned by a dip-top fashionable wife? but, if they are thus owned, and inclined to rebel, or act out of revolution, they must retreat, and diplomatic with all the skill and craft of a Talleyrand or a Chesterfield. If you don't believe your wife owns you, just try to live her weakness is her strength; and a man who would fight a man like a hero, at a score of Solferino, leading a forlorn hope, jumping ditches, scaling high walls, with death certain before him will come down like a bird shot on the wing, even when a woman but weeps. There is more power in such weapons than in any army with banners; and you, yourself! A man may fancy he does not fancy her; but the truth is his wife owns him. How is it with you, readers? If for the first time made aware of your own state and power, don't make a fuss about it, but submit gracefully, and thank your stars that you have so wise, discreet, and tolerant a master.

For RANSOM LOVERS.—Bashful and backward lovers can land the following to their sweethearts to read:

She	One	He	One
Only	Only	Only	Only
And	And	And	And
But	But	But	But
You	Loves	I	Is
He	One	Me	Same
Only	Only	Unto	The
Are	But	You	For
You	Love	Me	Me
And	I	And	Require

We invite the attention of young ladies to the following sensible paragraph from one of our exchanges:

When you see a young man modest and retiring in his manners, who comes less about dress than his moral character, depend upon it, ladies, he will make an excellent husband. If you get the one who is kind and attentive to his mother, affectionate to his sister, industrious in his habits, and economical in his business, rest assured you have found one of whom you never will be ashamed. The ball-room is no place to find a husband, the fashionable haunts; it is in the retirement of home, the place of business, where you can study character and disposition, and where the best is not put on for effect or display. Many a young woman sadly misses it who is carried away by a bright look and splendid dress. The man that makes the most polite bow and is the most graceful in his manner, is not always the most suitable person for a husband. Look at the heart, study the disposition and learn the character.

Small Hints.—Small notes—1's and 2's—are disappearing from circulation, and the business community are already experiencing serious inconvenience in making change. The one dollar gold piece is a bummer—we saw a man a day or two ago, in the domestic circle of York, trying to swap some of them for the cent of the Fashion Bank. The congested wisdom of the State made a mistake in prohibiting the Bank of Tennessee from issuing small bills, and like people will find it out before long.—Athens Post.

New Orleans, Sept. 24.—The ship Helix took fire this morning, and was towed into the stream and scuttled. She was loading for Liverpool, and already had 2500 bales of cotton on board.

## From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

### The Diamond Ring.

BY GEORGE W. ELLIOTT.

Six times fair earth had stolen around  
Her mystic lurid, glowing orb—  
Six times hath blushed, in roses bound,  
From being warmly gazed upon;  
Six times we've hailed this morning sweet,  
Since dawned our first of wedded years—  
A retrospect in which I greet  
As retrospect in which I greet  
A million times more smiles than tears  
To give thee joy to-day, I bring,  
My Love, this emblematic ring.

The central gem portrays the light  
Of love that o'er a twelve-month shone;  
The other five, as pure and bright,  
That round it form a sparkling zone,  
Are like the rich effluence shed  
From joys of each successive year;  
And while those blissful years are fled,  
Their charming light yet lingers here,  
The clouds that gathered vanished soon,  
And never eclipsed our honeymoon!

This golden band, that proudly holds  
These gems with scintillating beams,  
And thus it lovingly unfolds  
Tis graceful, thy finger crests  
A fitting emblem, in its form,  
Of snowy arms that round me twine;  
Then, while my lips feel kisses warm,  
Dear, Diamond eyes beaming mine!  
May each recurring wedding-day  
Have all the light that makes this gay!